

July 2019

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Devine Pome Written on Saint Francis Founder of the Order of the Cord" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: Ireland*. 14.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_ire/14

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A DEVINE IPOME WRITTEN ON SAINT FRANCIS FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF THE CORD

Oh, Jesus, you are my jewel! my dearest only joy
Had I been but nary you, your presence to enjoy
All trouble I'd encounter for you, my Lord on high
And since I'm now so fond of you, I'll love you till I die

My good Lord whilst I'm with you, I am secure & free
My sweet Lord while you're with me no sorrow troubles me
My good Lord whilst you're with me, all things with me doth well,
My sweet Lord whilst you're with me, I fear neither death nor hell

St Francis poor & naked, his penance first began,
St Francis poor & naked, lamenting for his sin,
St Francis seeking Jesus, till he found his wounds at last,
O may those wounds be written & engrav'd on our hearts

It was in the lonely desert Francis took much delight
Till Satan by his cunning art, tho' got him to affright
With a Crucifix in his hand which made him sigh & moan
Still thinking on his Saviour's wounds as he lay all alone

St Francis seeking Jesus to the desert he did go
Deprived of worldly pleasures where no one does him know
Devotion was his race - in prayer he did abound
The air was his clothing, & his pillow the cold ground,

Your sins they are not grievous, nor neither have you need
With cruel cords your flesh to rend & make your wounds to bleed
Behold your sins O Francis, they were all laid on me
It was for the ransom of mankind I died on Calvary

St Francis on his knees, unto Heaven he does cry
My sins they ore displease to you, my Lord on high,
I am your humble servant, O Jesus - pity me,
He says my sins were ransom'd on the Mount of Calvary

St Francis thou'rt my servant, I heard thee sigh & moan
St Francis be of courage, thou be long alone,
For in spite of Satan's cruel art, you a director! will be
And bring you to the happy joys of all eternity

All those that seek Jesus must seek him early & not late
And they in twi I find Jesus, will find a happy state,
St Francis seeking Jesus, he thought it no disgrace
To take up his Cross, & follow Christ, & that in every place

St Francis in the desert, with his penance he went on
St Francis in the desert, his penance carries on
St Francis seeking Jesus, till he gained a Heavenly Crown
And Jesus on his children, his blessings pour'd down,

Our Saviour hanging on the Cross quite destitute of friends
At length unto His Father, His soul he recommends
With Eli Eli, Eli aloud Jesus he does cry,
Bowing down his sacred head, gives up the Ghost & dies

My sweet & loving Saviour, it was for me cried,
My tender-hearted Jesus, it was for me you died
All wounded & gasping for me you made great moan,
I am that lost, & long-strayed sheep, you died to bring me home,
My good Lord, &c.